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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But let your hand wander through my hair?
There would be no hurt now, we are both too tired.
I would finger the soft silk of your dress the same
As long ago, when you were first desired,
As long ago when the wind whirled us to flame.

For we know the bitter tune the wind sings;
There will be silence now, there will be rest,
And eyes will heal after the wind stings,
And I shall hear your heart under your breast
Moving across time with a great flow.
And we shall hear no more the wind's calling,
But only the silence of it falling and falling,
And always the room will throb quietly and slow.

BRUSHWOOD

TO HIMSELF IN AUTUMN

Take bitterness into your wailing;
Be like the rock, the hard gray stone;
See there is hunger in your ailing,
Walk scornfully and alone.
Walk scornfully on the fall-brown hills;
And maybe where the wind heaves
And scatters the littered poplar leaves,
Releasing tardy ones to the ground,
You will hear the faint authentic sound
And remember why the wind grieves.